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Separation of Friends.

——— at illa
Flet noctum.

IT often appears to me, that our whole lives are but a tissue of meeting and parting; of exquisite pleasure, and excruciating torture....and yet, painful as is the separation of affectionate friends, I do not think those who never have experienced the pain of losing, for a period, the society of those dearest to their heart, can be fully sensible of the blessings they enjoy, in being spared so severe a trial. I am convinced in separations, in general, the person who remains at home, is the greatest sufferer. When the beloved friend or relative is departed, every surrounding object bringing them forcibly to our minds, renews the anguish of the parting moment. Here they sat; there they walked; in that book they read; this was an object of their admiration....this was the air they loved to hear; and each in turn calls up all the affectionate emotions of the soul. The pages of the book are turned over, though the contents may have been read a hundred times before; the seat they last occupied is filled with a kind of melancholy pleasure; the favourite air is frequently repeated, though every repetition is accompanied by an involuntary gush of tears. Some trifle that had been in the possession of, or perhaps worn by the absent friend, accidentally presents itself; is seized upon with avidity, and becomes an object of high importance; is treasured up as invaluable, looked at, pressed to the heart and lips, and made a companion and comforter. I am aware that there are people in the world, who would call such conduct childish, ridiculous, and unbecoming a person of common sense to practise. Let them rest, elate in their wisdom, and fancied supeiority; for my own part, I have reaped so much pensive pleasure, in the association of ideas such accidental circumstances have called up, that I would not be deprived of them, to hold a rank among the philosophers of the present, or of any past age. The person going on a journey, voyage, or what not, has the advantage of having a variety of objects presented to the eye, which naturally call off the attention, and divert the imagination from dwelling too intensely on the painful moment of separation, until night and retirement shut out surrounding objects, and then fancy reverts to its most beloved subject, as a bow which has been bent, springs with velocity, when relaxed, to its primitive form and state. Some, when under the necessity of leaving their friends, will depart without bidding them adieu, and that, from the mistaken idea, of sparing them the pain of speaking the word....farewel. This is cowardly conduct; they spare their own feelings, but leave those they love, overwhelmed in anguish, without even the poor consolation, of having had a last look, a last embrace, to live on in reflection, until they meet again.

Others are so unable to bear the pangs of absence, that in spite of all obstacles, they insist on accompaying their friends in all excursions whatever, though by so doing, they are sure of increasing the anxiety, care and difficulty of the beloved person; and of this cruel kindness, the female sex must be frequently accused. How often the wife of a brave soldier may run the risque of branding her husband's name with cowardice, by insisting on accompanying him into the dangers of a camp; and should any accident happen to him, how is the anguish of a wound, nay the horror of his dying moment heightened by the sight of her agonies, the reflection of her forlorn, unprotected state; in case of capture, what is the torture of his mind, lest her health should suffer, her delicacy be wounded, her virtue be insulted. Oh! ye most amiable of the works of creation, ye tender, faithful wives, who live but in your husbands' happiness, whose every moment is devoted to promote their comfort and ease, as you value their peace, restrain those impetuous transports, which hurry you into scenes, where, so far from alleviating, your presence only adds to their solicitude....Highly as those feelings are to the honour of your hearts, they would be more so, would you have the fortitude to let them depart without you, and by setting them a noble example of self-denial, inspire them with courage, bravely to perform their duty in the delightful hope of returning to your arms, worthy that exalted love which prompted you to prefer their honour, to your own gratification.

A state of separation from those we love, is extremely painful; but then when the hour of meeting comes, how quickly is the remembrance of that pain obliterated. Of all the tortures to which the human heart is subject, a state of expectation and suspense is the most excruciating; to count the tardy moments until the appointed time arrives; to strain the eye to catch a glimpse of the idolized form; to fancy it in every approaching figure, and still to be disappointed; to listen, when the shades of night enve-

lope the surrounding prospect to every approaching step, to every rustling sound; to hear the church bell, hour after hour, proclaim the lapse of time, until the last slender thread which held up hope is broken, and we are obliged to believe the distracting certainty, that our hopes had been falsely awakened, and must, however reluctantly, be relinquished.

I once was acquainted with a young woman, whose affections had been early engaged by a young man of seeming integrity; he was an officer in the navy, and having entered into the most serious engagements with her, which were to be ratified on his return from a voyage, for which he was on the point of embarking; he left her with every appearance of regret, and well counterfeited agony....The poor girl herself was the picture of dumb despair; she said but little, fearing to augment his sufferings, by an exposure of her own; the tears incessantly chased each other down her pale visage though she struggled hard to suppress them; and when he bade her adieu, she seemed more like a cold statue than a living body. It had been settled previous to his departure, that a constant correspondence should be kept up that he should write from every port at which they touched, and have letters prepared to send forward by every vessel that they might meet bound to the place of her residence, or to any place from whence, by means of the post, a letter might be expected to reach her. She, on her part, was to write by every opportunity; and this idea seemed to alleviate the misery she endured from the fear of tempest, sickness, battles, (for it was war time) pestilence or shipwreck. For some time the interchange of letters was regular and mutual, but the voyage being lengthened out to two years, the ship he belonged to being ordered from one port to another, on particular service, his letters arrived less frequently; and then, the style of them was evidently altered. ARDELIA (for that was her name) felt this change; but as love is ever ready to excuse the faults of the beloved person, she was ingenious in alledging reasons for his neglect, and to the alteration in his letters she appeared totally blind. But all this time, the poor girl was the tortured victim of hope deferred, expectation, and suspense. I have seen her, evening after evening, sit with pallid face and beating heart, waiting the arrival of the mail, and when no letter came, though the flutter of expectation subsided, it gave place to an oppressive languor, and such deep affecting sighs would steal half suppressed from her bosom as she sat at work, that a savage would have been moved to observe her. When a letter did arrive, she was almost equally an object of compassion; she would tremble so she could scarcely open it, every artery seemed to throb violently, and she would actually gasp for breath. At length, the ship, of which her lover was lieutenant, arrived in port. He wrote, and mentioned, with some appearance of ardor, that he should now claim her promised hand, and mentioned the time when he expected the ship to be paid off, when he should immediately repair to his beloved ARDELIA; another letter said, the ensuing week he should be with her.....ARDELIA had made every necessary arrangement; wedding clothes were bought and made, and from Monday to Saturday of the appointed week, expectation kept her in such constant agitation, that it seemed to me her constitution, which was by no means strong, would have sunk under it; but day after day, and week after week passed on; no lover, no, not even a letter arrived. Her fears increased daily; he was dead, or sick, or some dreadful misfortune had befallen him, and he was unable to write. At length a gentleman, a friend of her mother's (who was a widow) wrote to the port where the ship was paid off, and made some enquiries concerning him; but before an answer could arrive to this letter, all suspense was at an end. A paragraph in a morning paper announced the marrage of Mr. K—— of the Navy, to Miss LANGDON, a young lady of large independent fortune, after a courtship of only three weeks; When I read this account, I really trembled for her life: but I knew but little of her heart and disposition; I had begun to read the marriage aloud, stopped on seeing the paragraph concerning K——. She hastily snatched the paper from my hands, and before I could prevent her, read it herself. She turned very pale, and asked in a faint voice, "do you believe it?" I was sensible that to flatter her with the least hope that it might be a mistake, would be the height o. cruelty; and her mother informed her of the letter of enquiry which had been written. "Well then," said she, "I will not wholly condem him until this answer arrives; and do not you, my dear mother, feel anxious on my account; I shall really experience relief, if by any means whatever my mind is eased of that state of hope, fear, expectation, and disappointment, which has so long harassed it; any certainty, however dreadful, is preferable to such a state." In the evening, the expected letter arrived, and confirmed the intelligence of the marriage. She read it with tolerable composure, her bosom swelled, and a few tears escaped her; but she laboured to suppress them and she succeeded. Having sitten a few moments, after returning the letter to her mother, she left the room, was absent about a quarter of an hour, but returned with a placid though pensive aspect; she had a small box in her hand, and seating herself between her mother and me, she opened it. "I wish," said she, "Mr. K——, had spared me two years of solicitude and anxiety. I have by my weak indulgence of enthusiastic ideas, given the sting of disappointment an additional barb; but I hope I have resolution to tear from my heart, the memory of a man who has proved himself so unstable, so despicable." She then took out his picture, a *faux montre*, with emblematical device, his parting presents, and gave them to her mother: she then took his letters, and untying a black ribbon from her neck, which suspended a small locket containing his hair, she folded it in one of the letters, and threw them all into the fire. "So perish," said she, "all memory of his baseness, and my weak passion. I will thank you, mother, to return those valuable presents, (the picture was set round with pearls,) and request he will send back or destroy my letters; but I neither wish to see what you write, nor what answer he may return."——From that hour she never mentioned the circumstance until seven years afterwards; when one evening conversing on the many miseries which afflict human life, she declared, that whatever she had felt at other periods of affliction, no anguish whatever could be comparable, to what she endured during that period of suspense, doubt, and expectation.

☞ The following is a Solution of the Enigma, published in the last Repository, thus—

PRSVRYPRFCTMN,
VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN.

By using the vowel E,

Persevere ye perfect men,
Ever keep these precepts ten.

ECK.

On Melancholy.

From the French of Madam Roland.

FRIEND as I am to this charming passion I will at present defend it from the reproaches with which it is incessantly loaded. Too prompt to decide, we frequently blame what we do not know; and indeed it commonly happens that we do so improperly. This observation may be particularly applied to the opinions formed of Melancholy, by the partisans of coarse mirth, and of what is termed good humor: they confound it with spleen, and erroneously give this name to those vaporous and hypocondriac affections which are commonly a defect of constitution; or to those fatiguing sensations of satiety and inanition, which we experience after having given way to an excess of joy and dissipation; for such is the inconvenience of extremes, that they almost always lead to opposites. It is an abuse of terms to employ the same denomination for things absolutely different.

The sweet melancholy which I defended is never sad; it is only a modification of pleasure, from which it borrows all its charms. Like those gilded clouds embellished by a setting sun, the light vapours of Melancholy intercept the rays of pleasure, and present them under a new and agreeable aspect. It is a delicious balm for the wounds of the heart; it is a salutary allay to the vivacity of joy; attempered by it, that passion is rendered more impressive and more lasting.

It is less easy to define it than to pourtray its effects; it consists in a certain delicacy of sentiment, a certain turn of imagination, which are to be felt, but not expressed.

It is that disposition of a feeling heart which makes it avoid those amusements where noisy laughter is only the mask of *ennui*, and induces it to search for pleasures more suitable to its taste, and better calculated to gratify it: such is the disposition which moves it, when, on the view of a rich and fertile country, it experiences a gentle rapture; such the disposition through which it delights in a gloomy and peaceful wood, absorbed in a tender reverie. It gives a certain tint of something great and striking to a wild prospect, to a lonesome forest, which renders the sight of them more interesting than that of a meadow enamelled with flowers, or of a garden laid out in all the overstrained elegance of art. Modest like Nature, it simplifies taste, enlarges feeling, or at least gives it more force, by fixing it on truth.

It is Melancoly that causes those delightful tears to flow, and produces that melting disposition of the heart which is felt in the enjoyment of a pure pleasure, in the possession of a sweet and certain joy. It is also that generous emotion of a wounded mind, which in the very bosom of disgrace dares seek for peace. But in whatever situation it shews itself, it always implies a somewhat philosophic mind, which hates the great world, where it sees nothing but pretty trifles and dazzling baubles; and a delicate and tender heart, which seeks or possesses the treasures of sentiment, and on them alone sets a value.

This is what obtains the epithets of melancholy, and singular for persons who, affected by natural beauty, prefer to a brilliant ball, or a tumultuous society, a rural walk in the morning on the hills, there to admire Nature, washed with refreshing dew, rising from the arms of sleep; in the afternoon, in the shade of the woods, reclining at the foot of a beech; in the evening, in the meadows on the banks of a rivulet, without any other company than their own reflections, and a single female friend, a second self.

It does not appear to me that this innocent passion of tender hearts, resembles those odious portraits which are sometimes drawn of it: true it is, that those who represent it in such gloomy colors, know it not; they are therefore more to be pitied than blamed.

I have yet seen but three lustres and a half, and I cannot say what change time may make in me; but since adolescence, in opening to me the gates of life, introduced me into the empire of feeling, the most delightful moments that I have passed, are owing to this charming passion.

Amiable and sweet Melancholy, my faithful companion, never wholly abandon me! To thee am I indebted for my pleasures. I know all thy charms; the veil with which thou concealest thy allurements, occasions them to be unheeded by the vulgar; thou reservest them for thy favorites; may I be always of that number! The enjoyments which thou dispensest to them, cause no cares, engender no remorse. If sometimes thou absentest thyself a little, let it be in those moments alone, when, assembled round our fire in the depth of winter, the mind, stimulated by the playful children of mirth, fills up the interval of thy delights with a few friends; but return, return quickly, to charm our solitude, and enrapture our hearts.

A SCYTHIAN ANECDOTE.

WE are told that all the women of Scythia once conspired against the men, and kept the secret so well, that they executed their design before they were suspected.—They surprized them in drink or sleep, bound them all fast in chains; and having called a solemn council of the whole sex, it was debated what expedient should be used to improve the present advantage, and prevent their falling again into slavery. To kill all the men, did not seem to be the relish of any part of the assembly, notwithstanding the injuries formerly received; and they were afterwards pleased to make a great merit of this lenity of theirs. It was therefore, agreed to put out the eyes of the whole male sex, and thereby resign, for ever after, all the vanity they could draw from their beauty, in order to secure their authority.——"We must no longer pretend to dress and show, said they, but then we shall be free from servitude; we shall hear no more tender sighs; but, in return, we shall hear no more imperious commands. Love must for ever leave us, but he will carry subjection with him."

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE abusive pronunciation of the English language, arises sometimes from the vanity of those from whom the first innovation came, and sometimes from the erroneous idea that the English tongue is analogical—as for instance, supposing that the word *true* should be sounded like *blue*: an error which betrays a miserable ignorance of the nature of the language. It was a very funny reply, that which *Sam Foote*, once made to a postman, who meeting him in St. James's Square, asked him whether a house to which he pointed was the residence of Mr. *Cholmondely*—a name which is always pronounced *Chumley*, but which the postman improperly pronounced *Chol-mon-del-ly*. *Foote*, whose wit was quick to take fire as gun-powder, replied, "I dont know my *fri-end*, but knock at the *do-or* and ask the *pe-o-ple*."

There is a certain candor in true virtue, which none can counterfeit.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Ingratitude.

"————a crime"
"Of deepest die."

WHO that contemplates man, endowed with all the gifts of nature, and considers the faculties he posseses, can suppose him capable of an offence so heineous as ingratitude! Born with all the perfections of *God's chief work;* nurtured and educated among a civilized people, having love and sympathy for a fellow-creature ingrafted in his bosom, does it seem possible he can prove an ingrate? Yes, kind reader, it is even so: he is capable of injuring, when in his power to reward, the very person who has relieved him from distress; supplied his wants, and, perhaps, saved both himself and family from miserably perishing. Let the following serve as a proof of these assertions.

See the wealthy inhabitant of that large and capacious mansion, enjoying all the comforts....all the luxuries of life,.... rioting in debauchery, and indulging in every excess, with the companions of his licentiousness....It is the ungrateful ANTONIO!

On the other hand, glance thine eye on yonder humble dwelling, that abode of wretchedness and misery. There thou mayest behold an unhappy father, bemoaning, with a large and penurious, family, his misfortunes. In him behold the once opulent, though generous HARVEYN. Such now is the condition of a man who knew no want; but possessing almost every gift a liberal providence could bestow, was gratified with having the means to relieve the poor and needy.

Frequently did he accompany his family, in a handsome and neat carriage, to partake of the country-air, after having finished the *business of the day:*....often in these small excursions did he manifest his bounty, by distributing relief to those who stood in need thereof. It was in one of these customary ridings that he chanced to pass the house of ANTONIO. The voice of distress reached his ear. humanity bade him hasten to grant assistance. On entering the house, he found that it had been the habitation of plenty ....its appearance was grand, being finished in a superior style of architecture; but want had obliged its tenant to deprive it of every ornament. Whilst viewing with admiration this elegant pile, a door opened and discovered ANTONIO and family....their looks bespoke their situation....distress was imprinted on each countenance. The sight was enough for HARVEYN; it kindled in his breast the noblest passion of the human soul. Be not surprized then, reader, that he parted with a large portion of his fortune, to aid this now unhappy family: and by his timely help soon placed them far beyond the reach of poverty.

Not so with HARVEYN: His generous and ever admirable conduct eventually proved his ruin. By diminishing his estate to assist the afflicted, added to misfortunes of trade (being a merchant) so decreased his pecuniary circumstances, as to reduce him to the present miserable condition. How! did I say *misfortunes of trade?*....yes, *misfortunes* they were, and occurred in *trade.* But, will it be credited, they were produced by ANTONIO.....HARVEYN had not only advanced him money; but also laded richly a vessel on purpose; and sent ANTONIO out as supercargo in it. Now mark the villian!.....He planned with the captain of the vessel an infamous scheme, which was executed with a success, that answered the end proposed by the infernal projectors. They afterwards returned and fabricated a plausible tale, which imposed upon the unsuspecting HARVEYN, who was almost in an instant reduced from affluence, to an absolute state of want for the common necessaries of life. All this does the wicked, ungrateful ANTONIO, view with indifference. In vain does his benefactor implore a small allowance. His callous heart remains unaffected; his ears are shut to the cries of an innocent and suffering fellow-creature; one who mitigated his woes when similarly situated.

Such then is man; and of such enormity are the crimes which the above relation shews, he will not hesitate to commit. We see that he is ever ready to receive a benefit; tho', having obtained it, he is little disposed to make a requital....You who have not thought seriously on this subject, inspect the preceding picture, and know how despicable, how contemptible is the horrid crime of INGRATITUDE! Reflect, that the vicissitudes of fortune are many; that ere long you may be brought to a situation similar to that just described.

OPHILOS.

The Meditation of
CASIM Son of HAMID;
Or, an emblematical Description of the RESURRECTION.

(Taken from an Oriental Manuscript.)

I WAS walking, a few nights ago, over the hills in the Western and unfrequented paths of the city of *Lima*, which looks towards the desart of *Elkatiff*, in order to refresh myself after the studies of the day. As I grew tired with walking, I seated myself on the head of one of the highest among that verdant range of mountains, and gave myself up to a profound contemplation on the works of the great creator, which then presented themselves to my view in the most charming prospect imaginable. The height of the place, the stillness of the season, the majesty and solemnity of the shades, which were at that time silvered over with bright moonshine, spread through my whole soul, a tranquility not to be felt, but by a mind free from guilt, and raised by the raptures of religion and devotion. On one hand of the summit where I sat, the town appeared buried in sleep and silence, and produced in my heart those tender overflowings of compassionate humanity, which are natural to a generous mind. On the other side, the desert of *Elkatiff* extended its wide uncultivated dimensions, and, by its vastness and ruggedness of landscapes, struck my imagination with a kind of pleasing horror: I could observe nothing throughout its savage wastes, but caverns and precipices, broken rocks and mountains, hollow vales, sand plains, and gloomy forests, with which it was covered. At the foot of the hill, the river, which watered *Lima*, flowed along in a serene calm, whose waves seemed to murmur in their sleep, and nod gently to the shore. Over my head, the sky shone with a lively blue, whence the beautiful empress of night dispensed her influence, and the stars twinkled round her throne, like so many diamonds in an arch of saphire.

In a word, the place, the season, and the subject of my meditation, all conspired to fix my thoughts, and kindle in my bosom the flames of an holy transport. As I melted away in these delights, I could not help imagining but the same employments, I was then pleasing myself with, bore some analogy to those which regale the departed spirits of good men. O *Casim!* (said I to myself) do not the inhabitants of paradise thus admire the works of God? Does not the harmony

of their praises rove through the bowers of bliss, and soften the murmurs of the streams of life? Are they not overflowed with a flood of joy, when they search the labyrinths of creation, and range through the dominions of the supreme being? Methinks I behold them lift up their admiring eyes, from the fields green in an eternal flourish, and with a strengthened and enlarged ken, penetrate into the remote places of æther; they view the systems that compose our universe, and their intellects are stretched and crowded with the ample vision! Here the fixed stars, like so many suns, beat upon their sight in a tempest of glory; here the several planets gravitate to their respective suns, and wheel about them in a mighty eddy of liquid flame; here the lesser satellites dance attendants to their primary planets, and with a milder gleam brighten their shades, and refresh their hours of darkness; while all are inhabited by a numerous race of creatures, of different capacities and orders, but all excellently adapted to glorify their infinite maker. As I was losing myself in this soliloquy, and as my thoughts fired and grew warmer by degrees, a philosophical thought started to my mind, which I did not find easy to answer. How (said I to myself) can the spirits in paradise, stript of the human body, taste the delights of those soft and indulgent climates? How will the naked soul be able to behold the wonders of creating art, which is so profusely poured out on those regions of bliss and immortality? Can they see the verdure of the hills, or the flourish of the fields, when they have left their mortal eyes behind them? Or how can they be ravished with a consort of warbling birds, rilling streams, and bubbling fountains, without the ears of the body? Sure in vain will the blossoms emit their odours, and groves of spices will perfume the air in vain, if the power of smelling be utterly extinguished in the seperate spirits of good men; and to what purpose will the fruits blush, or the breezes cool, if the taste be entirely gone, and the nerves can feel no more?

When I was losing myself in these enquiries, I saw a man, seated at the head of a mountain, and at some distance, who looked down on me, and with a voice full of majesty called me up. *Casim*, (said he) draw near, be attentive to what I utter. Cease to perplex thy mind with the unsearchable mysteries of our world; know thus much: I am a Genius, my name is Secret, the place of my abode is remote and hidden: joy dwells there, and darkness intercepts the sight of it; silence shall cover, death shall lay open the gates of it. Assure thyself, thou son of *Hamid*, that the unembodied spirits among us are perfectly holy and happy, far beyond thy glimmering conception. What avails it thee to know how they converse, what they see, where they dwell? Cease thy curiosity, and calm thy mind. Would'st thou know what we do here, and be acquainted with our enjoyments? love thy maker, converse with thy own heart, and delight in doing good. For the time hastens in which we shall receive our bodies, for the dust shall quicken, and the soul be reunited; that which now lies in the grave, stiff and pale, hastening to clay and ashes, shall revive, shall brighten, shall fly away, beauteous as morning, vigorous and light, unfading and immortal. Make no enquiry how this shall be, but go to the looms of *Persia*, and they shall instruct thee. Dost thou not observe the little shining worm that spins thy garments? Lo! he sets thee an example, and inspires thy hopes; he glorifies his maker, he winds his silken nest for the good of others, and retires inwards; having done his work he dies, being dead he rises again. You have often seen that useful insect expire, and his skin wither and die away, and yet even that dry skin become a prolific egg, and new life spring in that little monument of death. You have beheld the dead silkworm revive into a butterfly, the most beautiful and curious of all that splendid race of insects.

What more entertaining specimen is there of the resurrection in the whole circumference of nature? Here are all the wonders of that day in miniature; it was once a despicable worm, it is raised a kind of little painted bird; formerly it crawled along with a slow and leisurely motion, now it flutters aloft upon its gilded wings; how much improved is its spangled covering, when all the gaudiness of colour is scattered about its plumes; it is spangled with gold and silver, and has every gem of the orient sparkling among its curious feathers. Here a brilliant spot, like a clear diamond, twinkles with unsullied lustre, and trembles with numerous lights, that glitter with gay confusion; there a saphire casts a milder gleam, and shews like the blue expanse of heaven in a fair winter's evening. In this place an emerald, like a calm ocean, displays its cheerful and vivid gleams, and close by a ruby flames with the ripened blush of the morning; the breast and legs of ebony shine with a glorious dart, while its extended wings are edged with the golden magnificence of the topaz. Thus this illustrious little creature is finished with the divinest art, and looks like an animated composition of jewels, that blend their promiscuous beams about him. Thus, O *Casim*, shall the bodies of good men be raised, thus shall they shine, and thus fly away. Cease then thy enquiry, learn to live, and long to die, prepare for our world, and get your work done quickly.

The Genius having spoken these words continued for some time, when at once my ears were surprized with the melody of innumerable voices, and instruments of music, which resounded from a great height in the air; immediately the genius soared away, and my eyes lost him in the sublime æther. I then turned my eyes eastward, and saw the dawning day smile on the top of the mountains.

THE CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

"Forsake the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding."

THERE is an intimate connexion between our own moral characters and the characters of those with whom we associate. In the first place, it is natural to suppose, that we select for our companions such as possess habits and dispositions congenial with our own; and thence it may be inferred, that our habits and dispositions are similar to those of our companions. This is one important reason why we should avoid bad company, and endeavour to establish ourselves in that which is morally good. In the second place we naturally imbibe the habits, the sentiments, and the manners of our associates, however different ours may have been formed by nature or by education. The water, which passes through minerals, partakes of their taste and efficacy. This is another strong inducement for us to frequent the circles of those, and those only, who are worthy of our esteem and our imitation.

Since our characters are thus dependent on those with whom we are familiar, our companions ought to be persons who have been carefully educated, of good dispositions, of unblemished characters, honest and honourable, moderate in their expenses, and temperate in their lives. In such company we shall

neither vitiate our morals, nor tarnish our fame; but our credit will be established, our interest promoted, and our happiness increased.

"Select those for your companions," says one, "who are men of good sense and understanding: and, if possible, who excel in some art, science, or accomplishment, that so, in the course of your acquaintance, your very hours of amusement may contribute to your improvement; and for the most part, such as are open and communicative, and take as much pleasure in being heard, as you do to be instructed. By pursuing such a conduct, you will be an ornament and useful member of society."

ISABELLA, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

WHILE the trump of fame is proclaiming over the earth the name and the merits of Christopher Columbus, justice demands that the memory of Isabella should be honored with a share in the laurels which he won. Whatever of wealth, science, and of civil and religious liberty, has accrued to mankind from the discovery of America; whatever privileges the inhabitants of the United States enjoy above the rest of the world; the credit and the honor are due, in no inconsiderable measure, to the astonishing generosity and magnanimity of a *woman*.

After Columbus had disclosed the project which his vast mind had conceived, every obstacle that ignorance, envy and knavery could suggest, was placed in the way of its execution. The Senate of his native country, Genoa, to which he first applied, unable to comprehend his scheme, rejected it as chimerical. The king of Portugal, to whom he next addressed himself, practised upon him the most shameful fraud. Henry VII. king of England, to whose court he sent his brother in quest of patronage, was rich and possessed talents; but the sordid parsimony of his heart tied up his hands from any enterprize, which would be attended with pecuniary expence.

The court of Spain was his final resort. Habitual covetousness, a cold reserve, and an extensive jealousy of temper, marked the character of Ferdinand the Spanish monarch. His ears were always open to the base insinuations of the enemies of Columbus; who, after eight years fruitless attendance and solicitation at that court; after suffering during this long time, manifold disappointments and repulses, aggravated by the ridicule and scorn of the courtiers; had determined, in the anguish of his heart, to withdraw himself from the kingdom, as he had already done from the court of Spain. There was no prince—there was no *man* of sufficient substance, who appeared to be disposed to patronize that wonderful genius. But there was a *woman* who bound up his broken heart, and afforded effectual patronage to his mighty undertaking.

Isabella, Ferdinand's Queen, recalled Columbus to court, espoused his cause at the risk of her own fortune, and even *pawned her jewels* to defray the expence of his hazardous voyage. During the infernal intrigues and virulent measures of his enemies, Isabella remained his constant friend; nor was it till after her death, that Columbus was completely overwhelmed by the malice of his foes.—In losing her, he lost his great and only earthly supporter.

Wonderful woman! the pride of thy sex and of human nature!—Sprigs of Cassia shall ever bloom on thy grave.—To thy memory shall be paid a never ending tribute of gratitude from the new world.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

I AM astonished that any man, endowed with common understanding, should come forward and, through the medium of your paper, declare the sentiments of *Vigilarius!* He seems to deplore that "the number of young men in Philadelphia, possessing talents that would do honor to any city," neglect stage performances for more important purposes; for my part, it should be my last resource, for I never yet heard of any advantage to be derived from that source. I agree with *Vigilarius*, that a great number of young men trifle away their time "in the most frivolous and unprofitable manner," and that of attending the theatre I consider as such. *Vigilarius* may ask, Is it not better to attend the theatre than the billiard table, &c.? I admit it is; but men of resolution and reflection would shun every such destructive amusement. *Vigilarius* certainly neglected to place the attending of theatrical amusements under the head of "*frivolous and unprofitable*," for I contend, that any thing that is trifling and expensive, is both "frivolous and unprofitable."

Vigilarius says "various are the means of improvement; but the stage appears to be that sphere in which young men of capacity shine to most advantage." However they may shine to advantage in the eyes of the gay and giddy, yet would I ask, has the stage ever produced a man that has been entrusted with a post of honor under any form of government? this is the sphere (in my humble opinion) in which men of capacity shine to most advantage. He further says "it is a method of improving by which those who practise, and those who look on, are benefited; in corroboration of the former assertion, we need only witness the *Thalian Society*, which was instituted here some time ago and obtained permission to perform in the old theatre."—*We need only witness it.* I refrain from reflecting on some of its members, but I hope I may be allowed the privilege of observing, that out of the whole number that composed the Thalian society, very few are to be found that are in any way respected.

Vigilarius further observes, that "stage performances are only the exhibitions of the real or imaginary actions of mankind, and that no one will venture to assert that they have an evil tendency." But I maintain (says a writer) either that they are very few in number, or that they are not sincere, or that they have not reflected enough on themselves to perceive it; or else, that the only reason why comedy has not corrupted their manners, is because it found them already corrupted, and they had left it nothing to do in the matter." As I have already encroached on the indulgence of many of your readers, I shall conclude, hoping that *Vigilarius* may, ere long, be convinced of his error, discontinue the subject of theatric amusements, and endeavour to improve his mind in knowledge by the pursuit of higher objects.

ANTI-VIGILARIUS.

Monitorial.

THE propensities of mankind too frequently overpower their judgment, and bear them away in a course, which reason does not direct. This has been the case ever since the creation of man, and must unavoidably so continue until a reformation in his nature and constitution takes place. It cannot be otherwise, and man sustain the same rank in existence, which he now does. One link in

the grand chain of universal creation would be destroyed should the propensities of man be changed, and he be made to possess different inclinations from what he does at present.

There is a beautiful subordination of parts from the Almighty himself to the minutest of insects. Of the parts superior to us, we have but a blind conception; of the parts inferior, we can converse with more certainty. Although our knowledge of this inferior, irrational part is narrow and confined, yet we are able to discern a certain fitness agreeable to the doctrine of a due subordination of things. The different species of animals with which we are acquainted manifestly declare this. We cannot build any probable, consistent system of existence in another way. Here we can behold a proper adaptation of the works of Omnipotence. Here we can look with astonishment, and admire the profound wisdom of the grand Architect. This creation is a display of the energies of a first cause, and the foresight of a divine and beneficent Maker.

No human power is capable of creating one particle of matter. A combination of the wisdom of ages cannot enlarge this globe by the addition of a single, new atom. But the powers of a GOD could call into being, worlds innumerable, and adapt them to his divine pleasure with infinite ease. Of the immensity of his power we cannot conceive, neither can we comprehend all his works. Did we hold a higher station in existence, we should understand more, but lose the name of man—we should be nearer our Maker, but deprived of our present propensities.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ANSWER *to* Twice-two's Question *inserted in the Repository of the 7th inst.*

B & *C*, being on oposite sides of a wood whose circumference is 268 poles, are 134 poles asunder—starting at the same time, and continuing in motion till the swifter overtake the slower, the latter will have gone y poles, and the former $134+y$: now, as the ratio of motion is as 20 to 18, we have this equation $\frac{2412+18y}{20}=y$ which reduced, gives 1206 poles, or four and a half times round the wood for the slower, and 1340 or five times for the more alert.

TWICE-EIGHT.

PINK STOCKINGS.

THE only sign of modesty in the present dress of the ladies, is the pink die of the stockings, which makes their legs appear to blush for the total want of petticoats. *Lond. pap.*

Philadelª, *Jan.* 28, 1804.

Mr. *Bacon*, in the Senate of Massachusetts, has moved a resolution, that the members of both branches of the Legislature, as a token of veneration and high respect for the memory of that Patriot of '76, SAMUEL ADAMS, wear a black crape on the arm during the Session.

A new paper is established by *James Lyon, & Co.* at New-Orleans, entitled "*The Union.*"

A bill is said to have passed the House of Representatives of Georgia, prohibiting, under penalties more severe than those heretofore imposed, the importation of slaves from Africa and the West Indies.—*Mirror.*

Accounts state, that St. Domingo is *entirely* in the possession of the blacks.

FATAL DUEL.

In the Virginia Express of this morning we perceive that a duel was fought on Monday the 26th ult. between a Mr. William Thornton and a Mr. Francis Conway of Fredericksburg, and that both shots took effect the first fire, and put an end to the existence of both. It seems they were young unmarried men, as it is added.—"Two weeping mothers deplore the loss of two sons, and their children the loss of two affectionate brothers." The causes of this fatal meeting are not mentioned, nor is any thing hinted at that can lead to plausible conjecture.—*N. York Ev. Post.*

MARRIED—on Wednesday evening 18th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Mr. *Caleb P. Wayne* (printer) to Miss *Mary Stokes.*

—— Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Milldollar, Mr. *Benjamin Wiley*, to Miss *Ann Christiana Rudolph.*

—— on Saturday evening 21st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. *Benjamin Harbeson, jun.* to Miss *Sarah Lawler*, daughter of Matthew Lawler, Esq. mayor of this city.

—— Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. *Jonathan Meredith*, to Mrs. *Sarah Shields.*

—— on Tuesday evening 24th inst. by the Rev. Bishop White, *William Cooke, jun.* Esq. of Baltimore, to Miss *Elizabeth Tilghman*, daughter of Edward Tilghman, Esq. of this city.

—— In England, *Thomas Campbell*, Esq. Author of the Pleasures of Hope, to Miss *Matilda Sinclair.*

DIED—In this city, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. *Charles Bush*, a young man of an amiable disposition and engaging deportment.

To Correspondents.

Charades—by *Adelia*, and *Fbarda*, shall have insertion next Saturday.

Twice-Eight's communication shall also receive the attention it merits:—The editor would also inform this correspondent, that the hints given by him shall influence his future endeavours for the detection of *literary frauds.*

Ornamental Hair.

FOR sale by JOSEPH CLEMENS, No. 102, *South Second Street*, corner of *Dock Street*, an elegant assortment of Ladies Wigs, of the latest European Fashions, consisting of Helmets, Caskets, Grecian, Turban, Cecilian, Savage Crops and Rustic Wigs—made in a superior style, and on the most reasonable terms ——Orders will be thankfully received and dispatched at the shortest notice.

N. B. Wanted, two or three experienced workmen, none need apply but such as are fully acquainted with their business. ewcy

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A variety of other small publications, making the most valuable collection of interesting matter heretofore offered to the American youth.

J. Johnson proposes to devote most of his attention to the juvenile department of his store, with an expectation of giving satisfaction to his numerous little customers and their parents.

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Price $1 12,

MARIA DE FLEURY's

Divine Poems & Essays.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

To the Memory of

DR. JOHN KEILL,

Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford.

HERE lies the dust of far-fam'd reverend Keill,
His country's pride and glory of his age;
Who ever fought with true Newtonian zeal,
And rescued science from deluded rage.

By him each visionary plan was spoil'd,
Each vortex-schemer forced to quit the field;
Each subtle schoolman in his craft was foil'd,
And truth triumphant wav'd her glit'ring shield.

His mind replete with learning's every boon,
Could eye each sphere and tell its central force:
Or show the causes that disturb the moon,
Or send her lab'ring through her zig-zag course.

The pale eclipse or comet's rueful blaze,
Once direful heralds of some dread event;
His genius purged from all obnoxious rays,
Nor star malign on him its fury spent.

With eye unerring he beheld each scheme,
As ardent thought still fir'd his anxious mind;
His book was nature and her love his theme,
Which theme with true devotion he combind.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

GOOD folks I have a wond'rous inclination,
To tune my whistle, which has long been silent;
And just by way of harmless recreation,
To sing to you a trifling little song,
In tuneful rhime, like chiming-bells' ding-dong.
Yet, gentlefolks, I don't presume to call,
What I shall sing, or say, original;
Since Newton's self, whose penetrating eye,
And heaven-born genius pierc'd yon azure sky,
Sublimely soaring o'er the realms of night,
Each various beauty op'ning to the sight
Of wondering men; but yet, d'ye see,
Because an apple hit him on the head,
(By certain men, 'tis very wisely said)
He could not boast originality.

I too have felt something much like a thump,
From a sweet girl with cheeks like apples red;
But whether it was on my block-like head,
Or on my breast, or back, or rump,
I cannot very safely tell,
Altho' I do remember well
I felt the stroke go tingling thro' my heart
So sweet, I wish'd it never to depart——
But hold—we've got enough of this, you'll say;
Well, let me turn my nose another way.

When absent from the friends or home we love,
Sweet mem'ry holds a mirror to the mind,
In which, with tearful raptures, oft we trace
The much-lov'd features of some well-known face,
While fancy round the favorite tree will rove,
And trace each path that's left so far behind;
Where first perhaps the heart caught love's pure fire,
Which neither absence, time, nor care can drown,
(Tormented still by fickle fortune's frown)
Should thro' the gloom of disappointment's night,
No ray of hope strike with a cheering light;
What various feelings fill the lab'ring breast,
The soul seems with a cumb'rous load opprest,
Of harsh forebodings, doubts, and fears, the train
In horrid order to the mind appears,
Till Nature, wearied with the galling pain,
Seeks a soft refuge in a flood of tears.
Just like, indeed, of new made beer a barrel,
Which, jumbled to and fro upon a cart,
Seems in a moment fir'd with rage to start,
As if one half would with the other quarrel,
Making a horrid diabolic riot,
Seeming to say 'by Jove I wont be quiet,
'Until the vapour that's within me pent,
'Has thro' the spile-hole got a proper vent.'

'Twas late, when o'er each verdant hill and plain,
Soft summer held her mild and cheering reign,
And whispering soft, the sweetly scented gale
Kiss'd the wild flowers that deck'd the blooming vale;
All smooth and placid *Schuylkill* mov'd along,
And midst the boughs of many a noble tree
Sat warbling wild the feather'd sons of song;
And all seem'd happy, all but only me.
Far from the scenes that knew my boyish days,
When pleasure still forbade each thought of pain;
And hawk-eyed hope thro' fate's dim murky maze,
Could scarce behold the day when I again
Should see the spot which memory held so dear,
And hail the friends that bless'd my youthful year;
The landscape's round, that seem'd to smile in peace,
Possess'd not power to soothe my bosom's pain;
'Twas then, to give my heart a sweet release,
I sung the following little simple strain.

MY NATIVE COT.

Forlorn, I wander o'er the banks,
And the dark woods among;
And clamber o'er the shelving rocks,
Where *Schuylkill* rolls along.
But while I gaze on each sweet scene,
And each romantic spot;
Still, still will memory turn to thee,
My lowly native cot.

Sweet cot, where love and friendship dwell,
With peace and soft content;
Where, in the morning of my life,
My days with joy I spent.
Tho' far from thee my footsteps stray,
Thou art not yet forgot;
For midst each gay enchanting scene,
I sigh for thee my cot.

When cruel fortune's stern behest,
First forc'd me from thy door;
My heart asunder almost burst,
My eyes with tears ran o'er.
And when I caught the last fond look
Of thee, I curs'd my lot,
That forc'd me from the girl I lov'd,
And thee my native cot.

By fate's command, thy walls I've fled,
And left my *Nell* behind,
Whose lovely form no distance can
E'er banish from my mind.
Wedlock's soft joys I fondly hoped,
Would join our happy lot;
But, far from her I'm doom'd to roam,
And from my native cot.

But ah! should fortune change my doom,
And mark me for her own,
And deck with smiles of love her face,
That now glows with a frown:
With heart elate in pleasing joys,
I'll seek the charming spot,
Where dwells my lov'd, my charming *Nell*,
Where stands my native cot.

PETER.

ANSWER

To the Charade in the last Repository.

YOUR first the fee precedes, and is the *plea*,
In this I think all lawyers should agree;
Your second's *sure*, for 'we are sure' we say,
When ev'ry doubt is banish'd from the way:
Your whole is *pleasure*, which too oft employs
The mind of man, and whose possession cloys.

ADELIO.

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